

## Nightmares by [luxuriousvoyage11](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-01-20

**Updated:** 2017-01-20

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 00:21:59

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 955

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](#)

**Summary:**

Alright, so I have never ever considered writing fan fiction before and have no idea if this is even an acceptable work but I figured why not! If this is laughable, I am terribly sorry but I just love these children. I also know the nightmare thing is super cliché and overused but it's honestly my favorite.

# Nightmares

## Author's Note:

Alright, so I have never ever considered writing fan fiction before and have no idea if this is even an acceptable work but I figured why not!

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After twelve hours of D&D and a movie marathon, the boys and El were beyond exhausted that Saturday night. El was curled up in her fort, per usual, while Dustin, Will, Lucas, and Mike were sprawled out on the basement floor. The boys knew the arrangements had to be that way, not only for Will, who felt safest in the middle, but for Mike and his need to be closest to the 13-year-old girl in the fort. Nightmares for El were less frequent and while Mike certainly knew she was strong enough to handle them on her own, he didn't want her too. Tonight, Mike lay with his back towards his friends watching over the petite pixie-haired girl while his mind raced.

Even before El, Mike had trouble sleeping. Up until a year and a half ago, his frantic brain went over everything from campaigns to school assignments to his troubles with Troy; now, however, it was El's life and disappearance that haunted him at night. She had returned six months ago and, while her grasp of the English language was greatly improving, it was still hard for her to express exactly what had happened that terribly long year she was gone. That for Mike was one of the hardest things to deal with, not knowing what happened to her when she finally came back a crisp Friday night looking frail as ever and even more reclusive than the first time they found her.

Just as he was about to dwell on the selfishness he felt for wanting to get details from El about such a dark time, for his own peace of mind, he heard a whimper he was all too familiar with. He slowly sat up, peering over in the dark to see her body stirring and eyelids twitching. He quietly crawled over, placing his hand gently on her shoulder. "El...El hey it's okay," he whispered. Her stirring and

twitching quickening, he shook her shoulder and spoke a little louder, “El! C’mon wake up, it’s Mike.” Shooting up from her sleep, and just missing his head, there were already the tears in her eyes that made his stomach drop. “Mike..I’m sorry.”

As he looked down at the girl he had somehow felt so much for the first week he knew her, he inched his hand closer to hers. “Shh, you have nothing to be sorry for. What happened El?” All he received from her was a shake of the head, while a tear slipped down her cheek. Not thinking twice, he wiped her tear away with his thumb and dragged his finger along the side of her face towards her chin. El lifted her head before Mike had the chance, dropping it on his shoulder after staring into his dark caring eyes for several seconds. He felt her shoulders shaking from her silent crying; he placed his hand gently on the back of her head, lightly skimming his fingers over her soft hair. They stayed like that for several minutes with the occasional whisper of Mike’s reassuring “you’re okay now” in her ear.

El pulled back and wiped the remaining wetness off her face, trying to think of something to say. Luckily, Mike beat her to it with a question he felt was silly. “Are you okay?” he asked meekly, tilting his head to the side while absentmindedly rubbing his thumb along her hand. El met his stare, giving a timid nod. Usually, Mike would hit her with “you know friends don’t lie” but he’s all too aware of how the crying exhausts her and it’s already 2:30 am. He nods back, accepting it for now. “Alright, then how about we go back to bed?” As soon as the words left his mouth, he felt El wrap her hand around the thumb still stroking her hand, looking up to see her eyes wide in slight panic. Reassuringly, he says “relax, you know I’m not going anywhere El.” He crawls back over to where he was laying down almost 20 minutes ago and grabs his pillow, laying it next to El’s.

Mike lays his head on his pillow, looking to the side to gesture for El to do the same. She lays on her side and looks up at Mike; even in the dark, you can see the look of adoration in both teenagers eyes. They lay there silent for several minutes, just staring at one another and occasionally smirking at Dustin’s snoring in the background. El’s voice suddenly breaks the silence, “I want to tell you what happened, Mike. I’m just scared to go back there.” Mike swallows and feels his heart drop again causing him to grab her hand and interlock their

fingers. “El, I only want you to tell me once you’re comfortable enough. I don’t care if it takes weeks, or even months, I just want to you feel better.” Though she should be used to it by now, she’s shocked by the young boy’s kindness. She awkwardly scoots over and places her head on his chest, nodding against it. Without thinking he kisses the top of her head, his lips lingering there for a few seconds. “Please try to sleep El, it’s all over now,” he assures her as he rests his cheek atop her head. Feeling safe and warm in her fort with the builder himself, she closes her eyes and listens to the sound of his breathing.

Though exhausted now, Mike waits to hear El’s breathing even out and then sighs in relief. Tightening his hold on the petite girl beside him, he closes his eyes and dreams of a world where bad things don’t ever happen to pixie-haired girls obsessed with Eggos.